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Vol. 48

THE
K
LAND OF LIBERTY,

A N
ALLEGORICAL POEM,

In the Manner of SPENSER.

I N T W O C A N T O S.

Dedicated to the PEOPLE of GREAT BRITAIN.

"Thine FREEDOM, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
"Thine are these charms which dazzle and endear."

GOLDSMITH.

L O N D O N,

Printed for T. DAVIES, in Ruffel-street, Covent-garden, Bookseller to the Royal Academy.

1775.

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ALLEGORICAL POEM



BY M. T. W. O. B.

Dedicated to the PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN

"These are the things which shall endure"
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L O N D O N

Printed for T. D.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poem is the production of youth and inexperience.

It was written about five years ago, when the author was scarcely eighteen years of age, a period of life at which it can hardly be supposed that he could have a distinct idea of his subject, which is no less complicated than interesting. For this reason he submitted his juvenile performance to the perusal of several gentlemen of critical discernment, and from their judicious observations, as well as the suggestions of his own riper years, many considerable alterations have been made, from time to time, as they occurred: and yet, after all, the blemishes in this Poem will probably be found to preponderate.

It is a certain fact that Authors, and particularly Poets, are often the very worst judges of their own performances; and therefore the author of the following trifle cannot pretend precisely to determine its demerit, and he is afraid his friends are partial in his favour. However, he now lays himself entirely open to the censure of the public, with this single hope for his support, that any thing which has a tendency to elucidate the advantages of our National Liberties will meet with a favourable reception in the present age,

Namque ubi LIBERTAS ibi est patria.

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Namque ubi Laurus est ibi gloria.

D E D I C A T I O N.

S O N S OF BRITANNIA, to your kind regard,
I DEDICATE these numbers, rudely pen'd;
If you approve, I gain my best reward;
If you despise, my fairest prospects end.—
To FREEDOM'S call with grateful hearts attend;
In sooth, my friends, ye feel her mild command,
Ye taste the joys which from her throne descend,
Scatter'd profusely by that ROYAL hand,
Which spreads her noblest gifts unbounded o'er the land.

T H E

D E D I C A T I O N.

SONS OF BRITANNIA, to your kind regards,
I dedicate these numbers, tenderly yours,

If you approve, I gain my best reward,

If you despise, my faintest prospects end;

To Freedom's call with grateful hearts attend,

In youth, my friends, ye feel her mild command,

Ye taste the joys which flow from thence descend,

Scatter'd profusely by that Roman hand,

Which towers her noblest gifts unbounded o'er the land.

T H E

L A N D O F L I B E R T Y .

C A N T O I

I.

ALL hail! ye beings, bountiful and fair,
Who watch our rights and guard our deeds below,
Who leave your thrones, borne thro' the fields of air,
To visit these sad scenes of care and woe;
To human kind life's varying course ye show;
Ye teach frail mortals whence their joys arise,
Ye teach whence all our cares and sorrows flow,
Ye sprinkle knowledge on our feeble eyes,
And open Reason's stores to make us truly wise.

II.

O ye celestial messengers of peace,
Unnerve our haughty and unmeaning pride,
Whence spring dire Discord, and her friend, Disease,
And all the ills that variously betide;
Which throw pure Virtue's calmer schemes aside,
And taint our deeds with stains of darkest hue,
And for Diffension instruments provide,
Which Faction brandishes in open view,
Whence hot commotions rise and civil broils ensue.

III.

Let all these fiends hide their unhallow'd heads,
And far retire from this our happy land,
While simple Reason, Wisdom's friend, succeeds,
And kindly guides us with her mild command;
Then Science too shall lead us by the hand,
And fondly shew us all her hidden store,
And Truth's bright beams shall every sense expand,
While we THE LAND OF LIBERTY explore,
And waft our little bark to that delightful shore.

IV. And

IV.

And thou, dear LIBERTY! thou pow'r divine,
 Thou blifsful parent of fupreme delight,
 Let us approach, with facred awe, thy fhine,
 And from thy altars, ever burning bright,
 Receive that pure and all-fufficient light,
 Which warms the foul with ever-pow'rful blaze,
 Which fhines propitious on the penfive wight,
 To higheft fame his useful toil to raife,
 Protective dart around they all-infpiring rays.

V.

Far in the diftant verge of Eastern climes,
 Where balmy breezes fan'd the conftant fpring,
 Where Virtue triumph'd, free from bafe-born crimes,
 And calm Contentment fpread her filent wing ;
 The PAS'TRAL joys, which poets often fing,
 Led on by Freedom, fmil'd on every plain,
 Whilft the foft mufe attun'd the filver ftring,
 And footh'd the bosoms of the liftening train
 With Nature's pleafing tales, with Fancy's sweeteft ftrain.

VI. Here

VI.

Here the old shepherds, in a seemly fort,
 Beneath the shade of some far-spreading tree
 Assembled, held the law-unfetter'd court,
 And gave, as Reason bade, the prompt decree:
 The sentence this of nat'ral equity,
 Just, fair, and candid, free from artful guile,
 Such as the righteous Gods applauding see,
 Such as the man victorious praises, while
 The party punish'd gives the calm approving smile.

VII.

Certes you'd think a land so highly blest,
 With all these happy harbingers of joy,
 Would nurse no imps of noyance or unrest,
 No baneful fiends that might its peace annoy,
 Or the gay, tranquil, fairy scenes destroy.
 But ah! no earthly pleasure long can last,
 If still the same, however sweet, they cloy,
 Without a change their beauties go to waste,
 And fly, with rapid wing, swift as the Northern blast.

VIII. So

VIII.

So in this fair Arcadian land 'twas found,
 For private quarrels soon began to rise,
Diffension's hated voice was heard around,
 And active *Slander* vented many lies :
 Then hostile neighbours grasp'd the wealthy prize,
 The flocks and fields, and claim'd them as their own ;
 They seiz'd the virgins, scorn'd their piteous cries,
 Bore from the land the rural monarch's crown,
 And pull'd, with ruthless rage, the sylvan temples down.

IX.

Indignant then rose ALBERNAD the just,
 Whose valiant breast no vulgar passions fir'd,
 Unflain'd with guile, uncheck'd by grov'ling lust,
 To highest fame his godlike soul aspir'd,
 By Virtue's blaze, and Freedom's flame inspir'd,
 He shone confests'd the guardian of the state,
 The public glory he alone desir'd,
 To shield his country from each hostile threat,
 And to divert the arm of an impending fate.

X.

On him the shepherds, with consenting voice,
 Devolv'd the honour of the regal power;
 The weeping virgins too confirm'd the choice,
 As they reclin'd within the ravag'd bow'r,
 Their beauties blasted, like the faded flow'r,
 While their sad minds revolv'd the various toil,
 The painful bodings of the doubtful hour,
 When mortals hope for Concord's cheering smile,
 Or dread to gild the pomp and grace the victor's spoil.

XI.

Amid the horrors of the bloody field,
 Brave ALBERNAD, with vengeance, rais'd his arm,
 While pleas'd Success sat smiling on his shield,
 And kept him safe from each impending harm;
 At last bright Conquest quell'd each loud alarm,
 And gave the hero the victorious palm,
 That peaceful branch which boasts this magic charm,
 To spread abroad fair Concord's healing balm,
 Diffuse domestic joy, and make all nature calm.

XII. When

XII.

When glorious Conquest, with her laughing train,
 Had rov'd at random o'er the rescu'd land,
 When Peace returning blest'd the fertile plain
 With scenes of transport, and with prospects bland,
 Then baneful Lux'ry stretch'd out her hand,
 And lull'd each sense to indolent repose;
 The warrior's once victorious nerves unmann'd,
 Smother'd each generous passion as it rose,
 And check'd th' aspiring soul with soporific dose.

XIII.

Then *Pleasure* reign'd, then reign'd each polish'd vice;
 But ALBERNAD was virtuous, wise, and good,
 He fought to check these curses as they rise,
 To curb the passions of the noisy crowd;
 To set a bound to gilded Pleasure's flood;
 To save the nation from a threatening fall,
 But ah! in vain the godlike hero stood,
 The mob was pow'rful, and his strength but small,
 Nor was there any aid or help at hand to call.

XIV. By

XIV.

By gentlest arts, at first, he kindly strove
 To rouse the mind from lazy lethargy;
 And, that his precepts might his subjects move,
 He pourtray'd active Virtue to the eye,
 Where blaz'd the beams of bright felicity;
 But as these labours left no lasting mark,
 He did, at last, harsh punishments apply,
 Us'd chains, imprisonment, and dungeons dark,
 And for a distant land forc'd many a slave t'embark,

XV.

At last, tho' heedless they ere while beheld,
 On him his subjects all their vengeance turn'd,
 Against the prince, against the laws rebell'd,
 And regal power with scornful fury spurn'd;
 Vanquish'd, forlorn, unpitied, and unmourn'd,
 Far from his throne they sent the royal slave,
 To a lone isle whence mortal ne'er return'd,
 For there each pris'ner finds a ready grave,
 In the pestiferous fens, or the tempestuous wave.

XVI. Can

XVI.

Can black INGRATITUDE, with curs'd intent,
 Find an asylum in the shepherd's breast?
 And can she thus her ruthless fury vent
 In these blest scenes, design'd for ease and rest,
 With peace, with freedom, and with plenty blest?
 Alas she can! when *Luxury* begins
 To lull the soul, with indolence oppress,
 The soft contagion every moment wins,
 And leads the thoughtless crowd to most outrageous sins.

XVII.

In little bark the hero gain'd the isle,
 O'er crystal fields, o'er billows foaming high;
 Now storms arose, now fair the prospects smile,
 And now the waves all calm and placid lye,
 Beneath the influence of a milder sky.
 Such is the state of human life below,
 And thus the various fickle tide we ply,
 As Fortune deigns her bounties to bestow,
 We swiftly glide along, or wander sad and flow,

D

XVIII. When

XVIII.

When ALBERNAD had reach'd the isle of Peace,
 Where worthless men ne'er trod the public way,
 He smil'd, and bade the strains of murmur cease ;
 He banish'd Sorrow and her friend, Dismay,
 With each bad thought that might their pow'r display ;
 And then, to Solitude a prayer address'd,
 Resolv'd with her to spend each after-day
 In calm delight, and thus supremely blest,
 He laid him gently down, and sunk in balmy rest.

XIX.

But scarce his eyes in grateful sleep were clos'd,
 When, mildly-pleasing, stood reveal'd to view
 A maid, whose aspect, chearful yet compos'd,
 A lovely picture to his fancy drew,
 Fair as the rose, amid the morning dew ;
 And thus she spoke : " Lend, ALBERNAD, thine ear,
 " To thee I'll soon some pleasing objects shew ;
 " Then be not deaf to what thou now shalt hear,
 " For various is the course which thou hast yet to steer.

XX. " I am

XX.

" I am the guardian angel of thy frame ;
" I knew thy hardships long ere they befell ;
" From me thy joys and past misfortunes came,
" And I o'er all thy future conduct dwell ;
" And of thy life could every action tell,
" But this were tedious, and would rack thy mind ;
" The active joys of virtue 'twould expell,
" 'Twould make thy deeds to indolence inclin'd,
" Nor could thy fancy form such scenes as thou shalt find.

XXI.

" Tho' now an hermit, by the world forgot,
" Tho' far remov'd from man's deceitful race,
" Tho' Grief and Sorrow seem to mark thy lot,
" Tho' Fortune hides thee in this lonely place,
" Where nought of joy thy roving eye can trace,
" Yet shalt thou various scenes of life behold,
" Shall bear a part in Honour's grateful chace,
" And many objects Truth shall yet unfold,
" Not by historic sage, or raptur'd poet told.

XXII. " At

XXII.

“ At yonder beach, to-morrow thou shalt find
“ A little bark, which thou mayst safely take,
“ For gentle Pleasure’s voyages design’d,
“ Such as fair Freedom’s sons are wont to make :
“ Ascend this vessel when the fawns awake,
“ Where Fate commands thee, thither shalt thou tend,
“ Nor lose thy courage, tho’ all nature shake,
“ For I to thee will my protection lend,
“ And angels to thy aid shall from high heaven descend.”

XXIII.

When morning came the doubtful prince arose,
Warn’d by the dictates of the heav’nly maid,
Inspir’d by Hope, yet dreading future woes,
He mutter’d, careless, what the Virgin said,
To trust her words in sooth he was afraid ;
But soon the vessel solv’d each rising doubt ;
So when th’ emotions of his breast were laid,
He left the island, with a joyful shout,
And on the faithless main again he wander’d out.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Swift fail'd the bark o'er many a swelling wave,
 O'er many dreary scenes of watry way,
 Till ALBERNAD an island did perceive,
 Where Nature seem'd to lavish bounty gay,
 And of police the various charms display;
 Huge barren rocks, with verdant vales between,
 The coast was habited in best array,
 Embrown'd with trees and prank'd with lively green,
 And crystal fountains deck'd each scene with silver sheen.

XXV.

On this fair isle the hero could espy
 Little at first but ease and pure delight,
 With envied joy he saw the natives lye
 By bickering streams and fountains ever bright,
 Which pleas'd the ear and gratify'd the sight;
 But o'er the fields two wicked demons sped,
 Sprung from one fire, who MONARCHY was hight,
 At their approach the chearful prospects fled,
 And for th' enlivening light appear'd a total shade.

XXVI.

Without restraint one demon walk'd along,
 His will a law, he knew no higher pow'r,
 And when he look'd the pleasing scenes among,
 Ah! hard to tell, he blasted ev'ry flow'r:
 With fell intent his brow I saw him lour,
 His hapless subjects heav'd the heart-felt groan,
 While sadly-plaintive from the sylvan bow'r
 The warbling choristers, with piteous moan,
 Bewail'd their native rights and dearest Freedom gone.

XXVII.

Proud walk'd AMBITION by the Monarch's side,
 Who feign'd herself of origin divine,
 She seem'd upon the æther clouds to ride,
 And oft desir'd among the stars to shine,
 And mix herself with Jove's immortal line;
 But when beheld, by wise discerning men,
 They saw her over-rack'd, with inward pine,
 And greatly scorn'd her flattering converse, when
 She would have drawn them into her deceitful den.

XXVIII. In

XXVIII.

In various guise she still address the ear
With boastful schemes, with deeds of high import;
In strains so sweet she drew the heedless near,
To share the pleasures of her splendid court;
But ah! how sad this harmless-seeming sport,
For when indulg'd, new sorrows rise around,
The joys of grandeur still are wond'rous short,
Nor can the cause, th' accursed cause be found,
Till mortals feel, too late, Ambition's festering wound.

XXIX.

Full in the train this demon drag'd along,
Worse than herself, ten thousand fiends appear,
Dark, blood-stain'd VIOLENCE led on the throng,
With frowning brow and aspect still severe.
Poor wretch! no joy, alas! he e'er could share,
Him RAPINE follow'd, with his iron paw,
And grim OPPRESSION, who no pray'rs will hear,
But ruthless seizes, in his gory maw,
The very poison'd flesh of wolves and tygers raw.

XXX. Here

XXX.

Here dwelt a monster, full of venom'd sores,
Of wieldless torpid form, of vomit foul,
Each ray of light the loathsome fiend abhors,
And lurks in darkness, like the hooting owl;
While all around her hideous children prowl
In stagnate gore, in streams of human blood;
She LUST is called, and in the poison'd bowl
With RIOT still she mixes up her food,
And o'er their nightly cups these two together brood.

XXXI.

Where these are seen, the children of REMORSE,
A dreadful band, must near them still attend;
These baneful imps which paint each act of force
So strong, so fearful, and such tortures send,
That sweet Repose her aid no more can lend,
Ev'n should the mind to diff'rent deeds incline;
Thus men too oft from vice to vice descend,
And various habitudes of ill combine,
Until at last they groan at HORROR's dismal shrine,

XXXII.

XXXII.

Here too was INFAMY, whose murd'ring voice
 Thro' broken tubes of jarring discord past,
 Which made, in sooth, a most unpleasant noise,
 When on the ear its grating accents braught,
 For still the harsh, the fame-consuming blast,
 Loudly proclaim'd the worst of human ills,
 And to dark-minded IGNOMINY cast
 The mad results of men's licentious wills,
 Who spread them all abroad on Echo's many hills.

XXXIII.

In dread procession o'er the tortur'd land
 Oft roam'd these fiends, with many a one beside,
 Who proudly scorn'd kind pity's mild command,
 And rag'd more dreadful than the swelling tide:
 Nature they aw'd with arrogating pride,
 And o'er the fields their slave DESTRUCTION keft,
 Whose naked servants revell'd far and wide,
 And where they came sweet Plenty never blest,
 For all their study was, that man might be oppress'd.

XXXIV.

By them was licenc'd each outrageous vice,
 They wink'd consent to each unlawful deed;
 They nourish'd mischief as it did uprise,
 And kindly cherish'd every hellish weed,
 Which in this hapless land essay'd to breed;
 But woe to those who in their works delight,
 High-strain'd OPPRESSION is their only mead,
 And many fiends, the imps of darkest night,
 Plant tortures in their breast, which gnaw with ceaseless spite.

XXXV.

The brother-monster, in a different course,
 Travers'd the land, in action more confin'd,
 He could not thus, with an unbounded force,
 Fulfil each dreadful purpose of his mind,
 Nor could he thus the stores of nature bind;
 His hands were fastened with the chord of law,
 Which to unloose no means he e'er could find;
 Thus justice kept him constantly in awe,
 And prompted him to walk where'er she pleas'd to draw.

XXXVI. 'Mong

XXXVI.

'Mong his attendants milder faces shone
 Than those which ALBERNAD of late survey'd,
 For chiefly AVARICE usurp'd the throne,
 By whom a tribe of fervient fiends were led,
 For various ends, for various uses bred,
 The little minions of her hated pow'r ;
 Yet all these imps the public bounty fed :
 Thus men oft cherish in their breasts a flow'r,
 And never once suspect it breathes a mortal flow'r.

XXXVII.

A harden'd wretch, in sooth, dame Avarice seem'd,
 Who smiled at grief, who scorn'd misfortune's tear,
 And ev'ry great and gen'rous action deem'd
 Th' effect of madness, or of foolish care,
 To furnish joys which we ourselves ne'er share ;
 And oft as Avarice taints the abject mind
 She throws a cloud o'er all that's good and fair ;
 Tears from the bosom virtue's joys refin'd,
 Nor leaves one gentle thought, one social sense behind.

XXXVIII. Here

XXXVIII.

Here FOLLY too was oft times wont to tread
 In various pace, now swift, now sad and slow;
 Tho' oft she plan'd, her plans could not succeed,
 Because they shifted as the breezes blow;
 Yet cruel Fate, her pow'r sometimes to show,
 Would bring to pass what Folly had in view;
 Then soon appear'd the brothers, CARE and WOE,
 Who all around did fell *misfortunes* strew,
 Of grief they sow'd the seeds, and nurs'd it as it grew.

XXXIX.

Here ENVY dwelt, a child of rankest vice,
 Whom gen'rous breasts can treat with decent scorn,
 Yet base-born wretches in her arts rejoice,
 And bend devoutly at her shrine each morn;
 From her, by Fate, calm inward peace was torn,
 She ne'er could bear to see another thrive,
 For oft as one by Fortune was upborne,
 She would by some sinister means contrive
 To blast his spotless fame, and murder him alive.

XL.

But luckless still was this insidious elf,
 Tho' she with caution seem'd to throw her dart,
 For oft the poison'd weapon pierc'd herself,
 And deep descended in her gally heart,
 At last, indeed, she scarcely felt a smart;
 Her breast grew callous to her selfish woes,
 Then came grim GUILT, deform'd in every part,
 Who active *Vice* for his assistant chose,
 While ghastly pale-lip'd FEAR the surly train did close.

XLI.

Swift to the shore th' unhappy hero flew,
 Resolv'd to prosecute the dream's request,
 When lo! he saw a phantom rise to view,
 In tatter'd raiments, all uncomely drest,
 And inward joyless thro' the want of rest:
 For she, poor wretch, her eyes did never close,
 A bloody poignard in her hand she prest,
 And oft her arm in threat'ning posture rose,
 Her name was wild DESPAIR, the child of rankling woes.

XLII.

Her eloquence was of a wond'rous kind,
 Her words were few, but of persuasive found,
 Much, much unlike what we are wont to find,
 Where empty noise and bustling pomp abound,
 And labour'd periods reason oft confound;
 For her few arguments beseech'd so clear,
 That certes ALBERNAD himself had drown'd,
 Had he not seen his guardian sp'rit appear,
 Who prompted him to sail to a fair country near.

XLIII.

The port he gain'd, an uncommodious place,
 Batter'd and broken by the raging sea,
 Where, by some ornaments, he soon could trace
 The boastful marks of vaunting surquedry;
 He wonder'd much who could the ruler be,
 Till by some ancient monuments he found,
 It was the Land of ARISTOCRACY,
 Where, long ago, she fixen had her round,
 But little more he knew, 'twas darkness all around.

XLIV. When

XLVI.

When morning dawn'd, the hero saw, amaz'd,
 A crowd of nobles o'er the country wend,
 Above the vulgar route they proudly gaz'd,
 With haughty sneer, the country to defend,
 Which to the scene a solemn look did lend,
 And struck the hero with an inward dread;
 The public safety seem'd their only end,
 Which to effect, each gave his wife areed,
 But underneath this mask oft lurk'd ungenerous greed.

XLV.

Here oft, I wote, dame IGNORANCE was seen,
 On whom pure Wisdom ne'er propitious shone,
 A foolish maid, who stalk'd with stately mein
 And lofty crest, pretending to a throne;
 But *Knowledge* scorn'd her, tho' her pow'r was known,
 (For she in pow'r oft bore a mighty part)
 When thus despis'd, with many a piteous groan,
 She well express'd what anguish fill'd her heart,
 'Twas *Pride*, and conscious *Fear*, and *Apprehension's* smart.

XLVI. Some-

XLVI.

Sometimes bright GENIUS would his fancy rear,
 And mount his chariot of living fire,
 Thro' the high heaven's would wing his grand career,
 Urg'd on by hope, by truth, and great desire
 To seek these joys which learning's seeds inspire;
 And thus, impell'd by an all-powerful flame,
 He oft with rapture struck the sounding lyre,
 Or from philosophy acquir'd a name,
 Which fix'd him on the base of adamantine fame.

XLVII.

But rob'd like justice, ever sacred guise,
 Walk'd harsh SEVERITY, behind the crew,
 Who oft from Genius snatch'd the well-earn'd prize,
 While *jealous Fear* her eyes around her threw,
 And watch'd aspiring merit as it grew;
 Which, to Severity, she handed o'er,
 Who, void of pity, from her bosom drew
 A bloody poignard, dip'd in poison'd gore,
 With this the genius pierc'd, who never mounted more.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

Besides Severity, here liv'd a maid,
 Less ting'd with pride, of less presumptuous mein,
 Her drowsy head upon her arm she staid,
 And lay inglorious on the flow'ry green;
 Few marks of life were in her aspect seen,
 Yet men oft drop'd into her hidden snare;
 This demon was call'd INDOLENCE, I ween,
 And much she lik'd to shun all bustling care,
 Yet little real rest her votaries could share.

XLIX.

For nought but active virtue e'er can fill
 The human mind with any real joy;
 And thence the man, who flies from fancy'd ill,
 And leaves the world, which he could ne'er enjoy,
 In lonely scenes his moments to employ,
 Tho' far remov'd from every earthly care,
 Still finds some wish, some thoughts, that must annoy
 The schemes of bliss, which he design'd to share,
 And make him own, with sighs, true pleasure dwells not
 there.—

L.

Near this curs'd isle another rose to view,
 Almost the same, I ween, in shape and size ;
 Its distant aspect promis'd little new,
 But yet to gain its coast the hero tries,
 The fates too favour'd, for the winds arise,
 And drove him, rapid, on a barren shore :
 But, gods ! how vast was ALBERNAD's surprize,
 When he began the country to explore,
 To find a race of men he ne'er had seen before.

LI.

All here seem'd kings, in rule each claim'd a part,
 And sway'd the state with dignity profound,
 Yet oft it happen'd that some knave alert,
 The public peace, the public joy, would wound,
 And in dark *Error's* maze the whole confound ;
 At which fell DISCORD, with her bloody train,
 All furious tofs'd their fiery brands around ;
 Then instantaneous *Murder, Guilt, and Pain,*
 Did ev'ry scene of joy with *melancholy* stain.

III. At

LH.

At other times the hell-bred monster *Hate*,
 With his lov'd brother, call'd *Dissemblance* dire,
 And baneful *Falsehood*, curse of every state,
 With red *Revenge* and fiery-footed *Ire*,
 A wretched train, would to this land retire,
 And stir *diffension* up, 'tween man and man,
 Which, when once rais'd, no fewel did require,
 For tho' the flame was small when it began,
 Soon, soon it would itself to dreadful blaze upfan,

LII.

Then fatal feuds, then civil broils arose,
 And mischief-minded *ENVY* rais'd the fray,
 With low-born *Malice*, worst of inward foes,
 The sov'reign lord, whom little souls obey;
 Tho' these durst scarcely bear the light of day,
 Yet, by their schemes, so much the state was tost,
 That soon its rotten pillars funk away,
 The balance of *DEMOCRACY* was lost,
 And haughty *ANARCHY* reign'd savage o'er the coast.

LIV. From

LIV.

From this detested land the hero sail'd,
 Repining much he left his lonely isle,
 Where boistrous passions never yet assail'd,
 Where worthless men ne'er labour'd to beguile,
 Where active vice ne'er rear'd the fatal pile,
 Where no rude cares disturb'd the peaceful scene,
 Where ev'ry object wore a pleasing smile,
 And nature dwelt, in solitude serene;
 And much he wish'd to reach this happy spot again.

LV.

" Fool, that I was, to the false dream to list,
 " To trust myself abandon'd to the waves,
 " And vainly hope to find internal rest,
 " In scenes, like these, where mad Diffension raves;
 " Where every scene of promis'd joy deceives;
 " Where virtue never did her beams extend,
 " But blust'ring vice each purpose far out-braves;
 " Come then, let me this cruel fortune end,
 " And, while I yet have thought, to the calm grave descend.

LVI.

LVI.

Involv'd in danger, this the hero said,
Weary'd of life's vain, giddy, idle dance;
 His dreadful purposes were scarcely staid,
 (So rapid run he to his deem'd mischance)
 Till of this world he took a final glance,
 When lo! an ill burst on his wond'ring sight,
 Possess'd, I wote, of every amenance,
 Such scenes of plenty, pleasure, and delight,
 As to a nearer view all flatt'ringly invite.

LVII.

He look'd again, with more attentive eye,
 And thought he ne'er so sweet a land did see,
 Nor e'er such objects of delight espy,
 And, certes, never felt such inward gree,
 And loud exclaim'd "Great God! what can this be?
 "What pleasant land is this at last reveal'd?
 "O guide me thither, and thenceforth to thee
 "My humble thanks with grateful heart I'll yield,
 "For such a lovely scene was ne'er by man beheld."

THE END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

LAND OF LIBERTY.

CANTO II.

IVII

I.

THE gods propitious never will reject
 Man's anxious pray'rs, when they from *truth* proceed,
 They hold *Sincerity* in such respect,
 And on her lavish such a bounteous meed,
 That what she favours ever must succeed;
 This ALBERNAD in highest measure knew,
 For they vouchsaf'd what he erewhile did plead,
 To guide him safely to the land in view,
 Whose scenes, when distant seen, so much attention drew.

II. This

II.

This isle, which seem'd so pleasant from afar,
 Was still more charming as 'twas nearer seen,
 For slavish art had ne'er presum'd to mar
 The native beauties of the rural scene,
 But all was clad in gay delightful green,
 With stately trees and flowers at random spread,
 And many a river roll'd with sparkling sheen,
 While fountains, gushing from the mountain's head,
 Resounding thro' the plains a pleasing murmur made.

III.

Between two mountains, in a lowly dell,
 The prince beheld a river rolling bright,
 From whence it sprung 'twere hard indeed to tell,
 It was, I ween, the FOUNT OF LEARNING hight:
 In several courses flow'd this flood of light,
 Which fertiliz'd the channels where they ran,
 And by its streams oft had the pensive wight,
 Convers'd with beings, wiser far than man,
 And by this converse sweet, great merit always wan.

IV. In

IV.

In thoughtful posture sat upon the bank
 PHILOSOPHY, that truth-exploring maid,
 And tho' in largest quantities she drank,
 Yet could her thirsting never be allay'd;
 The human breast her piercing tubes display'd,
 Travers'd the regions where the planets roll,
 Beheld the sun, for nought her searches flaid,
 Survey'd the firmament, from pole to pole,
 And from each little world a flame of knowledge stole.

V.

Near her was seen, inwapt in pensive mood,
 HISTORIC Truth, who mutter'd deeds of yore,
 What hap'd the bad, and what befell the good,
 And told, with tears, what states had fall'n before
 She gain'd admission to this pleasing shore;
 How Vice had perish'd, and how Virtue shone;
 She touch'd the judgment with her classic lore,
 Her words were spoken to the heart alone,
 And man will sorely rue, if e'er her tales are done.

VI. Light

VI.

Light o'er the plains the wanton Muses trip'd,
 Led on by *Fancy's* ever-genial ray,
 Whose varying garb, in airy colours dip'd,
 Fair Nature's charms did witchingly display;
 Here too the *Graces* oft direct their way,
 And show perfection to the heav'nly Nine;
 And here the *Virtues* beam in bright array,
 Whose sweetest charms the Muses oft combine,
 And with their fairy-strains the human breast refine.

VII.

Altho' these virgins from one parent spring,
 Far diff'rent were the strains in which they taught;
 In notes sublime the lofty *Epic* sung,
 And with her head the very stars arraught;
 Keen vice-pursuing *Satire* always laught,
 And fought refinement in a comic guise;
 Hard *Tragic* virtue drunk the poison'd draught,
 Soft *Past'ral* sweetnesss claim'd the rural prize,
 And *Allegory* feign'd—but all to make us wise.

VIII.

Oft on the flow'ry banks was seen to walk
 A virgin fair, of most enchanting face,
 And such the strains in which she us'd to talk,
 They lent new sweetness to the Muses' race:
 'Twas Music's self, and with unequal'd grace
 She to a harp her snowy hands apply'd;
 Ye gods! what sounds, what numbers fill'd the place!
 High heav'n itself could scarce with them have vy'd,
 And still the list'ning crowd the varying strain obey'd.

IX.

With martial spirit burst the raptur'd note,
 Rousing the soul with ev'ry pow'rful sound;
 In sweetest strains the sprightly measures float,
 While Loves and Pleasures dance transported round;
 And now the notes, all solemn and profound,
 In plaintive accents breathe the tales of woe,
 From ev'ry string the mournful strains resound,
 With lonely cadence, melancholy, flow,
 And bid the gentle streams of kind compassion flow.

X. An-

X.

Another dame, of like accomplish'd make,
 Did often trip this matchless valley by,
 She from each field did such ideas take,
 And so intently on each object pry,
 With such a reach of skill, so clear an eye,
 And in her mind such pleasing scenes uplaid,
 That when her pencil she vouchsaf'd to try,
 Such excellence of art her hand display'd,
 That Nature's fairest charms were scarce so well array'd.

XI.

She too pourtray'd the just historic scene,
 Where all the passions in their turns appear'd,
 Where stormy Rage, indigent Wrath were seen,
 And ruthless Vengeance high her banners rear'd;
 Then, with a master-stroke, the sense she chear'd,
 Show'd smiling Peace, and all her happy band,
 Where mirth and love, and social bliss endear'd,
 With Concord sweet, of aspect ever bland,
 And now the human form rose fair beneath her hand.

XH.

" Ye blisful forms that sport upon the plain,
 " Be mine your joys," the raptur'd hero cry'd ;
 " Show me your charms, admit me of your train,
 " For heav'n well knows I ask no boon beside,
 " While *Truth's* bright beams do Learning's children guide,
 " With them I'll fondly pass the chearful day;
 " But if from Virtue's paths they turn aside,
 " Chide not, ye pow'rs, if I forsake the way,
 " Where *Error's* grov'ling sons in Doubt's dark mazes stray."

XIII.

He spoke no more, but turn'd him to a grove,
 Where artless songsters pour'd their varying strain,
 As bounteous nature did their fancies move,
 Impell'd by love and joy, by grief or pain :
 Here, ever active, dwelt an ancient swain
 Call'd MEMORY, who on a polish'd stone
 Engrav'd the deeds of that unrivall'd train,
 On whom propitious Learning's beams had shone,
 Whom Genius hail'd with smiles, and number'd as his own.

XIV. And

XIV.

And when their matchless deeds were thus engrav'd
 In sacred characters, which ne'er can die,
 With joyous smile his hand the wizard wav'd,
 And beckon'd *Glory* from her throne on high;
 Led on by *Fame*, the hero saw her fly
 To Memory's grove, and with ambitious haste
 Snatch up the stone thus carv'd so curiously,
 While *Fame's* loud trump, with an applauding blast,
 Proclaim'd what Memory wrote, and bade it ever last.

XV.

On rugged cliffs, amid high tow'ring pine,
 Here CONTEMPLATION frequently reclin'd,
 Where Fancy shew'd things, human and divine,
 With wond'rous art, for nought her pow'r confin'd ;
 Here you might view whate'r you had a mind,
 In air or earth, or ev'n in pits of hell :
 Here ALBERNAD, his fight by truth refin'd,
 Uplifted saw what bard can scarcely tell,
 The many heavenly forms which in this island dwell.

XVI.

Was naught around but plenty to be seen,
 And yellow Ceres bursting on the fight,
 Sprung from a fire of rustic, uncouth mein,
 Yet of a tow'ring genius, heav'nly bright;
 This ancient sage was AGRICULTURE hight,
 And oft preserves the balance of the state;
 Altho' he is not in rich weeds bedight,
 Yet ne'er let mortals his due praise forget,
 Who can, tho' rude himself, such grateful offspring get.

XVII.

Of ancient manners and of homely fare,
 Here TEMP'RANCE liv'd, knight of extensive fame,
 Of rich repast luxurious still aware,
 By which robust to hoary age he came;
 Plain simple Nature was his constant theme,
 And what great blessings from her usage flow;
 He told of morbid ills, without a name,
 Which now infest the human race below,
 Since they plain Nature's sweets most madly did forego.

XVIII. Of

XVIII.]

Of sweet deport fair INNOCENCE was here,
 Yrob'd in white, and crown'd with laurel true ;
 No frowns, no wrinkles, on her face appear,
 No wayward thought her bosom ever knew :
 Blest land, indeed, where she vouchsafes to sue
 For residence ; amid the rural vales,
 Yet here she treads with freedom o'er the dew,
 Or joins the natives in their joyous tales,
 Where no affected art, no selfish view prevails.

XIX.

Sprung from this pair, in sooth their only child,
 Was blooming HEALTH, whose form portended well,
 His face was fair, his manners wond'rous mild,
 His chearful aspect did all their's excell,
 Who love, poor youths! with Luxury to dwell,
 And keenly strive her gilded joys to share,
 What pains they feel 'twere hard indeed to tell,
 For let who lists, to Pleasure's dome repair,
 He'll always find Disease a close attendant there.

XX. Where

XX.

Where Health appear'd, enliven'd by his smile,
 Was always seen his sweet companion, Love,
 Unus'd to labour, and unus'd to toil,
 Yet rich in pow'r in ev'ry vocal grove ;
 Oft cruel men to quell this infant strove,
 When his sweet pangs their manly bosom tore,
 But ne'er could they the cunning imp remove,
 The more they check'd him, he triumph'd the more,
 For fixen in their breast his harrows still they bore.

XXI.

Mild blushing MODESTY the meadows trod,
 Pure as the flow'rs that were beneath her feet ;
 And CHASTITY here fix'd her blest abode,
 A guest and guide for Modesty most meet :
 This lovely pair Sir HONOUR oft did greet,
 And oft desir'd he might their steps attend,
 To keep them safe from ev'ry specious cheat,
 Who might contrive their deeds with vice to blend,
 Or from the angel *Truth* to bear behests pretend.

XXII. Here

XXII.

Here was BENEVOLENCE, of noble soul,
 Who greatly scorn'd the abject partial views
 Of these base wretches, who can meanly prowl,
 For selfish ends, ev'n in the noisome stews :
 What diff'rent arts does his great spirit use ?
 For others' good alone he asks to live,
 He sprinkles favours like the morning dew,
 And where they fall they pow'rfully revive
Misfortune's drooping heart, and mutual raptures give.

XXIII.

Before him GRATITUDE for ever bow'd,
 And told, with tears, what actions he had done,
 And to requite these gen'rous actions vow'd,
 If fate propitious ever on her shone :
 She spoke her words with such an honest tone,
 That for her woes Benevolence would weep,
 Because his pow'r of giving joy was gone,
 And he had nought deserv'd his care to keep,
 Much less to give to one whose thanks impress'd so deep.

XXIV.

Endear'd by this disinterested pair
 Was FRIENDSHIP, brighten'd to her noblest fire,
 So firm her bonds no pow'r can them impair,
 No ruffian fury make the flame expire,
 For, come what will, the bonds are still entire;
 In such a manner, linking heart and hand,
 That in their union they can never tire,
 But Time, and Fate, and Fortune's frowns withstand,
 Binding the soul, in death, in blest Elysium's land.

XXV.

With these were CANDOUR and endearing TRUTH,
 Who firmly bound th'indissoluble tie,
 These were the guardians of reflecting youth,
 Who us'd on Nature's fickle state to pry,
 And at Misfortune's many mischiefs sigh;
 To which, however, as they could not shun,
 Nor from the fast-pursuing torrent fly,
 To live with Truth was all that could be done;
 Therefore with her, betimes, their converse they begun.

XXVI. Here

XXVI.

Here too was JUSTICE, with her sword of law,
To punish those who play'd a vicious part,
And to keep each unruly knave in awe,
Who fought by force, or laid design by art,
The mind from Virtue's precepts to divert,
To break the bonds of her inherent peace,
To bring destruction on the human heart,
To put an end to scenes of wish'd-for ease,
And to establish Vice, the parent of Disease.

XXVII.

The guardian of the whole was CONCORD bright,
The dearest image of the parent God,
Who shone refulgent in a native light,
And on a car from heav'n triumphant rode ;
Fit guest, indeed, for that sublime abode,
For still her soul retain'd the heav'nly fire,
By which impell'd o'er Faction's sons she trode,
And while her bosom glow'd with great desire,
Black Discord's gloomy train felt her avenging ire.

XXVIII. Here

XXVIII.

Here oft, too oft, the sons of RIOTISE,
 With lustful fury and a vicious rage,
 By many a dark and dreadful scheme devise
 To blast those joys, which honest hearts engage ;
 Oft they consult a Faytour false, tho' sage,
 Benempt DISSENSION, who with fatal skill,
 And by th' experience of many an age,
 Has gain'd the art his precepts to instill,
 And make his laws most dear to each licentious will.

XXIX.

Ye gods ! how horrid was Diffension's shape,
 A child detestable of darkest night,
 Yet did he harmony of members ape,
 All self-sufficient in dame Nature's spite ;
 But sooth he had a most voracious bite,
 Which all his artifice could never hide :
 Howe'er, his vot'ries glanc'd it o'er outright,
 Nor did they heed his jaws, tho' open'd wide,
 Nor yet the poison'd tongue which lay his jaws beside.

XXX. This

XXX.

This hell-bred monster knew no real joy ;
 To raise up murmurs ever pleas'd him best,
 It warm'd his soul, it was his chief employ,
 To which, from youth, his care had been addrest,
 So that he now was a most skillful pest :
 Yet he a mistress harsh indeed did serve,
 Whose stern commands forbade th' approach of rest,
 And still requir'd him Honour to unnerve,
 And force unguarded men from Wisdom's paths to swerve.

XXXI.

This ancient dame, to fair perfection blind,
 Display'd a form disgusting from afar,
 Around her head unnumber'd snakes were twin'd,
 With forked tongues and vomit black as tar ;
 With these she still fomented inward jar,
 And nurs'd the seeds of sleepless *Discontent* ;
 She was high-mounted on a broken car,
 Drawn by a tyger, all in tatters rent,
 Which to dame DISCORD's form no great advantage lent.

XXXII.

Whom she, base wretch, her prey had drawn in,
 Subdu'd their pride and made their fortunes sure,
 Deep she imprinted on each caitif's skin
 A glaring mark, that always might endure,
 And to perpetual hell their souls ensure;
 Which done, to Faction she resign'd them o'er,
 Whose cautious art, trac'd if they were impure,
 And if they were not, she chastis'd them sore,
 Till, on their bended knees, submissive faith they swore.

XXXIII.

This grisly monster, Faction call'd, I ween,
 Was the most hideous ever yet appear'd,
 Of various colours, red, black, yellow, green,
 Her fallow skin with clotted blood besmear'd,
 Her eyes with rheum of various hue were blear'd,
 Her mouth distorted, and her visage pale,
 A lump deform'd upon her back was rear'd,
 Her stinking breath tainted the passing gale,
 And as she op'd her mouth forth issu'd mortal bale.

XXXIV. She

XXXIV.

She had a dwelling of a dreadful shew,
 With headlong pits which reach'd to hell below;
 Where these poor wretches were expos'd to view,
 Who, for her sake, all earthly bliss forego;
 Rueful, indeed, these dismal lodgings show,
 The walls around with carcases were hung,
 And heaps on heaps the hearts lay all a-row,
 While moulder'd bodies in the gallows swung,
 Until they fell from thence, and were applied as dung.

XXXV.

For, ah, woe's me! the monster will not spare
 The abject wretch who falls within her pow'r,
 But loads him first with ev'ry rankling care,
 And makes him toil, with pain, the ling'ring hour;
 And if perchance the wretch's brow should lour;
 As if repining at his sorrows past,
 She cuts him off like some poor weakly flow'r,
 Which grows all lonely in the deary waste,
 And falls a sudden prey to bleak November's blast.

XXXVI. The

XXXVI.

The porter of this dome was watchful ay,
 That he might man inveigle to his board,
 His snares were spread across each public way,
 With kestral knaves and worthless wretches stor'd,
 By God, by man, and by themselves abhorrid;
 So for the porter ERROR, bid good-luck,
 For when they heedlessly their fates deplor'd,
 They on a sudden in his nets fast stuck,
 Nor could, with all their might, themselves from thence out-
 pluck.

XXXVII.

The demon Faction set herself on high,
 Upon the tow'r of ARROGANT DISDAIN,
 From whence she rais'd a most unsoothing cry,
 Which shook the valleys and adjoining plain;
 It roar'd, delightless, o'er the turbid main,
 Obscur'd the beauties of th'enliv'ning fun,
 While gloomy damps his chearing rays restrain,
 Around the castle scatt'ring shades so dun,
 That one would almost think perpetual night begun.

XXXVIII. When

XXXVIII.

When silence was through all the dome proclaim'd,
 By this same urchin Error, factious slave,
 Her whole attendants, wrinkl'd, lame, and maim'd,
 Were silent as the honourable grave ;
 Then she her hand of lustfulness did wave,
 And, full of pride, she shook her haggard head,
 And such importance to herself she gave,
 It fill'd the hero with an inward dread,
 While thus, with blust'ring air, the monster did proceed.

XXXIX.

" Come, mortal men, who fear the lash of law,
 " And dread the troubles of her endless toil,
 " Who never walk where she attempts to draw,
 " Save when she seizes you her conquer'd spoil,
 " And heaps upon you punishments and moil ;
 " Ye who despise her harshly-form'd command,
 " Who, if you could, her projects would beguile,
 " And all her pow'r and furiousness withstand,
 " If this is your desire, come here, I'll take your hand.

XL.

" For I myself have known the wicked dame,
" Like you I've strove her castle to o'erturn ;
" I've greatly scorn'd her awful-sounding name,
" With which the breasts of many mortals burn,
" Whom I was wont with spiteful sneer to spurn,
" As varlets vile, for human life unfit,
" Nor have I certes any cause to mourn,
" For now triumphant I at leisure fit,
" And 'courage those who ne'er to justice will submit.

XLI.

" Behold her minions bow beneath my feet,
" And see how sadly they their courses steer,
" Their greatest bliss is bitter mix'd with sweet ;
" And when this ruler does her head uprear,
" They quake and tremble with a conscious fear,
" Lest she their actions should esteem as wrong,
" When, well they know, she would their bodies tear,
" Or lash them ruthlessly with a galling thong,
" Or send them to the stocks to curse their lives too long.

XLII. " But

XLII.

" But with my vot'ries I far diff'rent deal,
 " With me harsh Justice never squints a frown,
 " Nor e'er is heard the voice of *public weal*,
 " Or ought that may the private entrance drown,
 " These humble guests my wiser sons disown,
 " And for themselves alone desire to live;
 " They threat the statesman, they controul the crown,
 " And such deep schemes, such projects oft contrive,
 " That they to wealth, and fame, and gloryment arrive.

XLIII.

" Come then, O mortals, if ye wish to know
 " What more of worth my palaces contain,
 " What streams of glory in my currents flow,
 " And round my throne what honours still remain,
 " Come enter here, you'll know them all amain."—
 Here Faction stop'd her false alluring tongue,
 When lo approach'd a filthy haggard train
 Of base-born mortals, old as well as young,
 Who echo'd ev'ry word the worthless wretch had sung.

XLIV. Her

XLIV.

Her Justice view'd, at first with aspect mild,
 But when she saw her on destruction bent,
 And that so many wretches were beguil'd,
 Who all vain glorious laugh'd at punishment,
 When she benign her brazen forehead lent,
 Justice, enrag'd, her castle fore beset,
 And tho' vile Faction with her rablement,
 Bid bold defiance, and secur'd the gate,
 Dame Justice all her forts with victor force o'erfet.

XLV.

Gods! what confusion then o'erspread these men,
 Who did erewhile the public peace assail,
 They now must 'habit horror's dismal den,
 Or languish lifeless in a darksome jail,
 And Faction's pow'r, so fatal felt, bewail;
 There Justice wav'd her sword with threat'ning awe,
 And gave them up, if that would not prevail,
 To her harsh menial slave, RIGOUR OF LAW,
 Who in ten thousand pieces did their bodies draw.

XLVI. To

XLVI.

To soften Justice, and restrain her force,
 To chear the penitent, and sooth his foul,
 To point fair Equity's unerring course,
 And bid new hours of happy freedom roll,
 Here MERCY oft with silent footstep stole,
 Whose feeling heart for others us'd to bleed ;
 She chang'd the scene and brighten'd up the whole,
 Wip'd off the stigma of the flight misdeed,
 Nor gave the caitiff wretch his just demerits' meed.—

XLVII.

Loft in amazement ALBERNAD beheld
 The various forms which pass'd so swift along ;
 Concord he lov'd, and fought the flow'ry field,
 Where unrestrain'd she rais'd her artless song,
 And cull'd the wreaths for Freedom's fav'rite throng ;
 From pierless plains where deathless laurel grew,
 He found the goddess, handsome, fair, and young,
 Eath to be courted by the thinking few,
 Who fought no selfish ends, and Freedom's blessings knew.

XLVIII.

Not distant far a temple rose to view,
 By Truth benempt THE DOME OF LIBERTY,
 Where, with assiduous care, sage *Judgment* drew
 Portraits that ever pleas'd the roving eye;
 His steady hand sketch'd out a MONARCHY,
 ARISTOCRACY's charms he quickly form'd,
 And soon pourtray'd a fair DEMOCRACY,
 Which quash'd dire Faction often as she storm'd,
 Or with domestic broils sweet Nature's face deform'd.—

XLIX.

Around this dome an old and learned leach
 Was always seen, in serious thoughtful mood;
 By his good aid each part supported each,
 And strengthen'd in itself the fabric stood:
 This, being wise, was called PUBLIC GOOD,
 And in his train a comely group he led,
 COMMERCE brought on the joyful laughing crowd,
 Who all around him wealth and honour spread,
 And on his right-hand walk'd a genius called TRADE.

L.

In sweetest union all together liv'd,
 Without one little, jarring selfish thought;
 When one was injur'd all the others griev'd,
 And how to heal the wound some measure fought;
 Yet here sometimes an ugly monster wrought,
 Who filly groveling ends, alas! pursu'd,
 By him fair Freedom ev'ry day was bought,
 And for his imps he draughts of poison brew'd,
 Which upon public zeal to slavish fear transmew'd.

LI.

This baneful monster BRIBERY was hight;
 He seem'd in wealth and riches to abound,
 Yet, sooth, he was a most unhappy wight,
 And ne'er could crawl above the dirty ground,
 Where Justice oft the venom'd caitiff found,
 And with her iron hands in vengeance tore;
 Sometimes in darkest pits the wretch she bound,
 Or sent him shackl'd to a distant shore,
 Whence he could ne'er behold the Land of Freedom more.

LII. From:

LII.

From out the dome a voice in accents shrill,
Did on the winds these soothing words let fall:

- " Come here, ye wanderers, who waver still,
" Who run, obedient, at dame Fortune's call,
" Who oft have tasted anguish (bitter gall),
" And all the draughts which damp fair Virtue's fire,
" These which the rising thought do oft enthrall,
" And from its basis tost each great desire,
" Come here, ye shall receive another sort of hire.

LIII.

- " Around behold what chearful figures rise,
" Behold the valleys clad in lasting green,
" Behold rich Commerce with her golden prize,
" And Emulation with her fancy keen,
" And ev'ry Muse and Grace with courteous mien,
" Which fill my courts or trip along the dales;
" Behold my rivers glide in sparkling sheen,
" With balmy fragrance blow the scented gales,
" Where wanton fairies sport, and tell their useful tales.

LIV. "Sec

LIV.

" See white-rob'd Innocence, and artless Love,
" And genial Honour, ever sparkling star,
" Each bright'ning object which the mind can move,
" Behold the Virtues in their shining car,
" And friendly Concord, foe to civil war;
" See boundless Learning pensive in her cell,
" And Justice who no gen'rous wish will bar,
" All these, with me, in strictest union dwell,
" With many a happy wight whom time would fail to tell.

LV.

" Here Valour lives, lord of the martial field,
" The sole director of the noble mind;
" He spreads the banner, he displays the shield,
" Which thro' the battle speaks the dauntless kind;
" Whilst pow'rful navies sweep before the wind,
" Whose great commanders bear no cow'rdly stain:
" These roll my thunders, these my laurels bind,
" These curb the foes who treat me with disdain,
" And prove my noblest claim, THE EMPIRE OF THE MAIN.

LVI.

" Here black Detraction never opes his mouth,
" To rail at merit, which he cannot claim;
" Here never dwelt that faytour false, Untruth,
" Whose parents dire from hell's dark mansions came:
" Nor need we Justice our desires to tame,
" Tho' here she lives, she lives a faithful friend;
" With conscious pride we boast her sacred name,
" Whose just decrees our honest deeds defend,
" And but to Faction's sons her threat'ning arm extend.

LVII.

" I never smil'd to nourish fell Deceit,
" I use no art your favour to insure,
" I set no slavish flatt'rer at my gate,
" To spread his snares and thoughtless men allure,
" As Faction often does, that wretch impure,
" Whose tott'ring towers on specious vice yight,
" The frowns of Justice never can endure,
" For so destructive is th'impending weight,
" Her castles just arise—then rush to ruin straight.

LVIII. " The

LVIII.

- " The sons of Faction, sooth, are wond'rous mean,
" A desp'rate tribe, a most untoward race,
" Whose treach'rous breasts, all vicious and unclean,
" On human nature throw a vile disgrace :
" How much unlike the inmates of this place !
" Their thoughts are pure, their aspect always gay :
" Come then, O man ! my various beauties trace,
" Fame's dubious path to thee I will display,
" And lead thee fairly on the oft-precarious way.

LIX.

- " With Freedom live, do what becometh best ;
" Be just, be happy, and you'll always find,
" Tho' I'm no friend to dull, inactive rest,
" Yet to contentment I am always kind :
" If Justice rules, if Virtue fills your mind,
" On you I'll lavish Virtue's best reward ;
" But if to Vice your actions are inclin'd,
" If with sweet Concord thou hast ever warr'd,
" Seek not to enter here, 'gainst you my gates are barr'd."

LX. Thus

LX.

Thus spoke the lovely Genius of the dome,
 In strains so sweet, of such enchanting sound;
 They prompted Fancy o'er these scenes to roam,
 Which, rob'd in verdure, lay so bright around,
 Where rural plenty ev'ry object crown'd,
 And all was peace, and all was full of joy;
 The warbling notes from Concord's harp resound,
 Touch'd by the hand of Truth, that darling boy,
 Who had the wond'rous art all discord to destroy.

LXI.

The sound suspended, o'er the awful scene
 A joyous group of mortal men appear'd,
 Whose aspects mild, calm, peaceful, and serene,
 A more than human bounty had shar'd;
 Among them no discordance e'er was heard,
 For hand in hand they fought the public peace;
 Was that obtain'd, for nought beside they car'd;
 Their greatest riches were the nation's ease:
 With joy the hero saw, and join'd himself with these.—

LXII. The

LXII.

The Bard was present, saw this happy land,
 Ranfack'd each field, and travers'd ev'ry plain;
 To him Apollo lent the magic wand,
 Which can the darkest mysteries explain;
 But there this pow'rful rod was us'd in vain,
 So bright was Truth, so charming and so fair,
 So free from blemish, and so free from stain,
 That all description would her force impair,
 For Fancy's fairest scenes were far transcended there.

LXIII.

Grant then, ye pow'rs who rule with boundless sway,
 That these delightful scenes may never fade;
 Revive them still with *Freedom's* genial ray,
 And let her choicest blessings long be spread,
 By that LIEGE LORD from whom her gifts proceed;
 While we submissively, with fervent zeal,
 Entwine the wreath of glory for his head,
 And, bending low, with grateful hearts reveal,
 What bliss his bounty gives, what gratitude we feel.



G L O S S A R Y,

Explaining the Obsolete Words used in this Poem.

<i>Areed,</i>	Counsel, or advice.	<i>Meed,</i>	Reward.
<i>Bale,</i>	Trouble, or misfortune.	<i>Moil,</i>	Labour.
<i>Bedeem,</i>	To judge.	<i>Noyance,</i>	Harm.
<i>Bedight,</i>	Dressed, or adorned.	<i>Perdie,</i>	{ (Fr. par dieu) an old oath.
<i>Behest,</i>	Commands.	<i>Prankt,</i>	Adorned gaily.
<i>Benempt,</i>	Named.	<i>Rabblement,</i>	Rabble.
<i>Beseem,</i>	To appear.	<i>Riotise,</i>	Riot, debauchery.
<i>Bountibed,</i>	Bounty.	<i>Sheen,</i>	Brightness.
<i>Braft,</i>	Burst.	<i>Shew,</i>	Appearance.
<i>Caitif,</i>	Slave, or captive.	<i>Sooth,</i>	Truly.
<i>Certes,</i>	Certainly.	<i>Stower,</i>	Trouble.
<i>Eath,</i>	Easy.	<i>Surquedry,</i>	Pride.
<i>Faytour,</i>	A deceiver.	<i>Transmew'd,</i>	Transform'd.
<i>Gree,</i>	Satisfaction.	<i>Ween,</i>	To think, or be of opinion.
<i>Grisly,</i>	Horrid.	<i>Wend,</i>	To walk.
<i>Hight,</i>	Named, or called.	<i>Withouten,</i>	Without.
<i>Kest,</i>	Cast.	<i>Wote,</i>	To know, or be sensible of
<i>Kestrel,</i>	Base.	<i>Xpight,</i>	Placed.
<i>Leach,</i>	Physician.		

F I N I S.

G L O S S A R Y

Explaining the Obsolete Words used in this Form.

Arch.	Council, or advice.	Man.	Reward.
Bale.	Trouble, or misfortune.	Man.	Labor.
Bedem.	To judge.	Woman.	Woman.
Bestly.	Dressed, or adorned.	Forde.	(Fr. par dien) an old oath.
Bibb.	Command.	Frank.	Adorned gaily.
Benep.	Named.	Robb.	Hable.
Besem.	To appear.	Robb.	Not, debentary.
Bennib.	Hourly.	Shan.	Brightly.
Brig.	Port.	Shan.	Appearance.
Cast.	State, or capital.	Shan.	Tiny.
Cote.	Certainly.	Shan.	Trouble.
Eab.	Talk.	Shan.	Shan.
Egsem.	A deceiver.	Shan.	Shan.
Gre.	Satisfaction.	Shan.	Shan.
Gry.	Horn.	Shan.	Shan.
Hgb.	Named, or called.	Shan.	Shan.
Kaf.	Call.	Shan.	Shan.
Kfnd.	Bale.	Shan.	Shan.
Lach.	Physician.	Shan.	Shan.